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your family that the Boccough Ruadh crossed over the waters of the Nore."

"It was not a bright day at all, but a wild, gloomy, stormy night," said the old woman, who, unperceived, had followed her son to watch the success of his expedition.

"No matter for that," said Terry; "there never was so bright a day in your seven generations as that dark night; I am now the richest man of my name, and I would not, this mortal minute, call Lord De Vesci my uncle."

It is easier for the reader to imagine than for the writer to describe the manner in which this joyful day was passed by the happy mother and son. Now counting and examining the gold, and again proposing plans, and considering the best purposes to which it could be applied, they passed the hours until the summer sun had long sunk behind the crimson west.

Terry was again in bed, when he started with a wild shriek. "Mother of mercy!" he frantically vociferated, "here is the Boccough Ruadh; I hear the tramp of his wooden leg on the floor."

"Lord save us!" said the old woman in a trembling voice, "what can all him now? Maybe it's more money he has hid somewhere else."

"Oh, do you hear how he rattles about! Devil a *kippeen* in the cabin but he will destroy," exclaimed poor Terry. "It's the black day to us that ever we seen himself or his dirty thrash of money; and if God saves me till morning, I'll go back and lave every rap or id where I got it."

"That would be a murder to lave so much fine money moulding in the clay, and so many in want of it; you shall do no such thing," said the mother.

"I don't care a straw for that," said Terry. "I would not have the ould sinner, God rest his soul, stravin' every other night about my honest decent cabin for all the goold in the Queen's County."

"Well, then," says the old woman, "go to the priest in the morning, and leave him the money, and let him dispose of it as he likes for the good of the ould vagabond's misfortunate soul."

This plan was agreed to, and the conversation dropt. The ghost of the Boccough still rattled and clanked about the house. He never ceased stumping about, from the kitchen to the room, and from the room to the kitchen. Pots and pans, plates and pitchers, were tossed here and there; the dog was kicked, the cat was mauled, and even the raked-up fire was lashed out of the "gree-sough." In fact, Terry declared that if the devil or Captain Rock was about the place, there couldnt be more noise than there was that night with the Boccough's ghost, and this continued without intermission until the bell of Abbeyleix castle clock was tolling the midnight hour.

Terry was up next morning at sunrise, and having packed up the money which was the cause of all his trouble in his mother's check apron, proceeded with a heavy heart to the residence of the priest, about two miles from the present Poor-man's Bridge. The priest was not up when Terry arrived, but being well known to the domestics, he was admitted to his bed-chamber.

"You have started early," said the priest; "what troubles you now, Terry?"

Terry gave a full and true account of his troubles, and concluded by telling him that he brought him the money to dispose of it as he thought best.

"I won't have any thing to do with it," said the Father. "It is not mine, so you may take it back again the same road."

"Not a rap of it will ever go my road again," said Terry. "Can't you give it for his unfortunate ould soul?"

"I'll have no hand in it," said the priest.

"Nor I either," said Terry. "I wouldnt have the ould miser *polthogueue* about my quiet floor another night for the king's ransom."

"Well, take it to your landlord; he is a magistrate, and he will have it put to some public works connected with the county," said the priest.

"Bad luck to the lord or lady I'll ever take it to," said Terry, making a spring, and bounding down the stairs, leaving the money, apron and all, on the floor at the priest's bedside.

"Come back, come back!" shouted the Father in a towering passion.

"Good morning to your ravine," said Terry, as he flew

with the swiftness of a mountain deer over the common before the priest's door. "Ay, go back, indeed; catch ould birds with chaff. You have the money now, and you may make a bog or a dog of it, whichever you please."

In an hour after, the priest's servant man was on the road to Maryborough, mounted on the priest's own black gelding, with a scaled parcel containing the Boccough's money strapped in a portmanteau behind him, and a letter to the treasurer of the Queen's County grand jury, detailing the curious circumstances by which it came into his possession, and recommending him to convert it to whatever purpose the gentlemen of the county should deem most expedient.

The summer assizes came on in a few days, and the matter was brought before the grand jury, who agreed to expend the money in constructing a stone bridge over the ford where it was collected.

Before that day twelvemonth, the ford had disappeared, and a noble bridge of seven arches spanned the sparkling waters of the Nore, which is here pretty broad and of considerable depth. From that day to this it is called the "Poor-man's Bridge," and I never cross it without thinking of the strange circumstances which led to its erection.

The spirit of the Boccough Ruadh never troubled Terry O'Shea after, but often, as people say, amid the gloom of a winter's night, or the grey haze of a summer's evening, may the figure of a wan and decrepid old man, with his head enveloped in a red nightcap, be seen wandering about Poor-man's Bridge, or walking quite "natural" over the glassy waters of the transparent Nore.

AN EXCUSE.—Miravaux was one day accosted by a sturdy beggar, who asked alms of him. "How is this," inquired Miravaux, "that a lusty fellow like you is unemployed?" "Ah!" replied the beggar, looking very piteously at him, "if you did but know how lazy I am!" The reply was so ludicrous and unexpected, that Miravaux gave the varlet a piece of silver.

AN INCIDENT.—At the time Commodore Elliot commanded the navy at Norfolk (I think it was), happening to be conducting a number of ladies and gentlemen who were visiting the yard, he chanced to see a little boy who had a basket full of chips, which he had gathered in the yard; probably to show his importance he saluted him, and asked where he got the chips. "In the yard," replied the boy. "Then drop them," said the brave man. The little boy dropped the chips as he was ordered, and after gaining a safe distance, turning round with his thumb to his nose, said, "That is the first prize you ever took, any how!"

Solon enacted, that children who did not maintain their parents in old age, when in want, should be branded with infamy, and lose the privilege of citizens; he, however, excepted from the rule those children whom their parents had taught no trade, nor provided with other means of procuring a livelihood. It was a proverb of the Jews, that he who did not bring up his son to a trade, brought him up as a thief.

If there be a lot on earth worthy of envy, it is that of a man, good and tender-hearted, who beholds his own creation in the happiness of all those who surround him. Let him who would be happy strive to encircle himself with happy beings. Let the happiness of his family be the incessant object of his thoughts. Let him divine the sorrows and anticipate the wishes of his friends.

A CHEERFUL HEART paints the world as it finds it, like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness, palled with thick vapours, and dark as "the shadow of death." It is the mirror, in short, on which it is caught, which lends to the face of nature the aspect of its own turbulence or tranquillity.

The lazy, the dissipated, and the fearful, should patiently see the active and the bold pass by them in the course. They must bring down their pretensions to the level of their talents. Those who have not energy to work must learn to be humble.

—*Sharp's Essays.*

Printed and published every Saturday by GUNN and CAMERON, at the Office of the General Advertiser, No. 6, Church Lane, College Green, Dublin.—Agents:—R. GROOMBRIDGE, Panyer Alley, Paternoster Row, London; SIMMS and DINHAM, Exchange Street, Manchester; C. DAVIES, North John Street, Liverpool; J. DRAKE, Birmingham; SLOCOMBE & SIMMS, Leeds; FRASER and CRAWFORD, George Street, Edinburgh; and DAVID ROBERTSON, Trongate, Glasgow.